

THE CHOOSING.

There will not be "My Lady" in her skin and armor. And the great wall to water, and the dream of Lowmanga. Through they offer gold and jewels—all that value women crave. Laura'll be the poor man's darling—Laura'll be the poor man's slave!

"Out you dreamer," quoth the mother, old in years—by sorrow tried. "Will you walk the world's way, weeping, when the footman bids you ride? Will you hide you in a hovel—go a leeper to the grave?"

Out upon the poor man's dream! Who would be the poor man's slave?

"Hail you, best, the words of wisdom: Let but Poverty appear In the door, and Love, affrighted, fly out the window, there! Would you welcome them far from, so to cry when none can hear? Better bread the poor man brings you: Out upon the poor man's slave!"

Does she listen? Treasure glimmers. But she looks no golden gleam. In the green heart of the meadows weighs her Duty and her Dream. Tramples all their gold and jewels—all that value women crave. Arms around the weeping mother: "Let me be the poor man's slave!"

—J. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.



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CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

At Seattle there was no steamer ready to sail for Dyes and they decided to continue to Victoria, where they learned they would arrive in time to purchase their outfit and catch the steamer Islander, which sailed on the fifth of the month, and was due in Dyes five days later.

At Victoria they found the streets thronged with men, each with an earnest look on his face as he hustled about. They were from all walks in life, but all animated by the same purpose. Some were buying horses, others learning to swim, packs with the famous "diamond mine" which alone will answer the purpose. Others were purchasing heavy weapons, belts to wear about the waist, with flags that buttoned down over the compartments.

Exposed for sale on every hand were buckskin hats to hold gold, heavy leathern shoes, moccasins of moose hide, with socks as thick as a man's hand and reaching to the knee, mittens, hats, coats, flour, bacon, saddles, knives, and everything was for the Klondike!

Men talked and thought of nothing else. All were interested. Many of them were to sail on the Islander with our friends, who were fortunately in time to secure passage. Some were going by one route and some by another after reaching Skagway, but no one seemed to mention the Dalton trail, a fact which both Tom and his friend marked with satisfaction.

The purchase of an outfit would have been a serious stumbling block but for the advice of the storekeepers, who, however, were not only very honest, but very well posted as to the requirements of a miner. Tom's knowledge of horses came in very handy, and he soon found six good animals which promised to serve his purpose. To get these and the other purchases on board the steamer in time kept both men very busy, but it was safely accomplished at last, and they saw Victoria fade away astern as the steam steamer made her way up the inland channel two days later.

The voyage of nearly 1,000 miles was made without accident, but our friends were anything but comfortable. The steamer was packed with miners and the hold was full of horses, the latter being cramped for space owing to the great number shipped. They required great care, but although many died on the trip, Tom succeeded in preserving those he had bought, as they were vastly superior to most of their companions.

An hour or two was spent at Juneau, where the steamer stopped, but the rain was falling in a steady drizzle, which made the steamer's deck practically unsightseeing. In fact, for the previous two days she seemed to have entered a land of perpetual fog and rain.

At the entrance of the Lynn canal the captain was obliged to anchor on account of the fog, and the passengers took advantage of the delay to arrange for the hauling of their goods. For the transportation company took no responsibility more than to deliver them at the mill. This was soon done, and a vote of thanks passed the captain for his courtesy on the voyage. Then some one started a song, and all joined with a will till the air rang with the unusual noise.

Suddenly the fog lifted from the frowning hills, the anchor was weighed, and the arguments over a number of weeks ahead of time, while just beyond was a faint streak of white sparkling in the still sunshine across a little valley at the edge of a bay on the right hand, with the steep hills rising on either side, their tops lost in the canopy of clouds.

Beyond the line of white were green trees, and far away stretched a level valley, winding among the hills and growing blue and faint in the distance. "That is Skagway bay," said the captain to the eager questioners, "and you can see the White Pass way off there in the distance."

A shout went up at the welcome news, and then as the steamer moved slowly into the little bay the white streak, which had been seen from the distance, stretched across a level plain for a space of half a mile and flanking the water.

As the anchor chain went rattling through the heavy pipes the steamer was surrounded by a fleet of rowboats and Swedish canoes, trying to pick up passengers. On the beach could be seen the large sleds used for unloading the horses, and the passengers were eager to go ashore. This could not be done, however, until the captain came back with the customs officer.

The beach at Skagway is low, and runs out several hundred yards before dropping off into deep water. At low tide this is all bare, so steamers are forced to lie outside and try to unload at high tide.

Tom and Green went to continue four miles farther to Dyes, but as they found it impossible to secure a snow to tow their horses and outfit to that port, they were forced to leave them on the steamer until she finished her trip after unloading the bulk of her freight at Skagway.

When the customs officer had made his visit the two friends went ashore in a rowboat and took their first glimpse of a typical mining town.

What a scene it was! Crowds of men rowing in boats to the beach, then clustering out and carrying their goods above the reach of the tide and piling them in little heaps on the ground. Horses tethered singly and in groups. Tents of every size and kind, and men cooking over sheet iron stoves set outside. Files of goods were on every hand, and men could be seen loading horses and starting off toward a sort of lane in the direction of a small grove of cottonwoods, beyond which was the trail to the famous White Pass.

Rough frame buildings were going up on every hand as fast as men could handle the material, all of which were to be turned into stores when completed. "Outfits bought and sold" was a familiar sign, and the stars and stripes flapping over a tent announced the presence of a United States court commissioner.

It required two days to unload the freight here, and then the Islander proceeded to Dyes, where, without accident, Tom and his friends succeeded in landing their outfit and settling up their trail.

When everything was done it was dark, and to Tom's delight the second mate proved an excellent hand to cook. They made a hearty meal, laid their packs and then Tom said:

"To-morrow we must see if we can find the man Avery's letter told about—the one who was coming here after supplies this spring. It said he would be here some time in April or May. To-day is the first of May. Then we must inquire about Rider. We may find out if he has been here and when he left. You know we may be wrong about him, after all. It's possible."

"I wish I was as sure of being rich as I am that he is ahead of us somewhere," was the sleepy rejoinder, as Green knocked the ashes out of his pipe and curled up in his blanket. "Mark my words, you'll find I am right."

Perhaps their sleep would not have been so sound had they known that Old Rider was at that very moment sitting in a tent not more than 200 feet away in earnest conversation with a rough-looking miner.

CHAPTER VII.

RIDER GETS A SHOCK.

"And you expect me to believe all this yarn?"

"I tell you it's all straight. There's the letter. It's a chance that comes only once in a lifetime. I give you the chance because you have lent a hand while I was used up. It will make us both rich men."

With their foreheads nearly touching, Old Rider and a stranger were conversing in low tones in the former's tent. They were not a handsome pair. The seaman's weather-stained, brutal countenance was a fitting mate for its companion, where the deep-set, colorless eyes, protruding cheek bones and shaggy mouth, together with a vulgar chin and devilish eyebrows, according to the nose in sharp arches, were nature's warning to his fellows.

Old Rider's face had grown more serious than he had at first imagined. The broken smile pained him whenever he moved, and he was almost helpless. This man, who was known as Hank Bowers, was a desperate character who had lost his last ounce at the gaming table. He attached himself to the mate with a view to rubbing him at the first opportunity, but the latter, finding him to be utterly unscrupulous, had decided to enlist his services in his own schemes.

On the very night Tom landed at Dyes he was making the offer. He first informed his new friend that his name was Avery, then showed the letter from the old miner's partner, also the will drawn up on shipboard.

The other laughed heartily in his face as he went on and said:

"Come off! Do you take me for a fool? If you was digging gold in 'as you was at it blasted young!"

Rider shook before his look, and he continued:

"See here, now, old man. Give us a straight deal. These papers ain't none of your. You've pinched 'em somehow. Of course, that's your business, as 'per ain't obliged to split on yourself. I ain't a man 'er stick at trifles, but I don't go in with 'er blind. Now, in the first place, what's 'er right name?"

Having obtained this information, he continued:

"All right. Now, the next thing is, how did you get them papers?"

Rider dared not refuse to tell, but he said, sullenly:

"I took them from a young fellow in Frisco."

"Oh, you did! Now we are coming down to him. He give 'em up for the money, I dare say?"

"No," growled Rider. "I handed him straight to you."

"Good! And did you make a clean job of it? Did you kill him?"

"I don't know. He was alive the next morning."

"Know who killed him?"

"No." "Then you're all right, and I'll join you. But, see here, Rider, if that is your name, there's one more to this than your name. You say there is one man up to the place now besides the one that was to come in after grub in the spring. Now, why can't we run across this chap on his way, and—well, he must be taken care of. Then we can go to the place where the gold is and look after your other friend. We shall have the whole shooting match to ourselves then. What's to prevent us stakin' out claims and layin' round loose, then sellin' out for big money when the rush comes? It's with a million apiece to us, man!"

"But what about these men?", whispered Rider.

"Bah! Yer chicken! They'll never be missed!"

"You mean to murder them?"

"See here," said Bowers, "don't you be a fool. This thing has got to be managed right, as it's lucky yer took me in. You'd spoiled the whole racket. I'd like ter see yer work it alone."

Rider's heart failed him for an instant, but a pull at the whisky bottle revived his courage, and for another hour the two conspirators continued to plot against the lives and wealth of their fellows.

They had decided to start at once on their villainous errand, and the following morning they were astir before daylight. They wished to avoid observation as much as possible, and but few people saw them as they loaded their horses.

Bowers was attending to this, when Old Rider, who had been bringing the goods to him, remembered that he had left some articles to dry on a small bush not far away, and hurried after them.

By this time it was broad daylight, and fires were being started in the stores here and there. He was passing close behind one of these when suddenly his heart seemed to leap into his throat, for a voice he could not mistake sounded clearly:

"Hello, Green! You're up early! My! Ain't I sleepy?"

It was Tom Scott's voice, and the mate stopped as though he had been shot. Glancing furtively over his shoulder he saw the second mate in the act of kindling a fire.

Even as the guilty man looked his shipmate turned suddenly toward him and started toward the entrance of the tent, while Rider turned his head away, but could not lift his feet from the spot.

"Hold on!" said Green.

Rider dared not look up. He had been taken so completely by surprise that he

could do nothing but stand still. Each second he expected to feel Green's hand on his shoulder, and he was too confused to think of any plausible story.

"Do they suspect me?"

This was the one thought that flashed through his brain as he waited.

"Hold on!" repeated Green, thrusting his head into the tent. "Take it easy till I get the fire going. Doesn't need but one of us."

With a gasp of relief the mate slouched his hat over his eyes and hurried away from the spot as though a ghost were pursuing him. He did not stop until he had joined Bowers, who at once noticed his disordered appearance, and exclaimed:

"What's up, pard? You look like yer was scared to death."

"He's here! I saw them just now—"

"What's that? Saw who?"

"Scott! And Green is with him!"

"And who the devil is Scott and Green? Can't yer talk plain an' not star 'ther spatterin' like yer was goin' ter say? What's the row, that's what I want ter know?"

By this time the mate had found his tongue, and he said hurriedly:

"Scott is the young chap I got the papers from, and the other was second mate of the vessel with me. We must get out of this quick!"

"Right ye are. They must 'er come over from Skagway on the boat yesterday. 'Twouldn't do fer them ter see yer 'rum here. They'd be on ter yer racket. Crack them clothes on that bum, an' let's light out. We've got ter git a big start on 'em, anyhow. 'Tain't likely they'll start to-day."

"I don't see how they got here," said Rider, as they started off through the tents, leading their horses. "I took every cent he had, and I don't believe the second mate had much."

"Well, they're here," replied his companion, philosophically, "as of course they're bound fer that mine. He's raised the stuff somehow. We've got ter git 'er first."

Half an hour later they had left Pyramid harbor behind them, and were riding along the trail as fast as they could urge the pack horses, while Tom and Green were discussing their trade breakfast, in blissful ignorance of how narrowly they had missed the man who they fully believed to have already reached the writer of the last letter.

Although they were eager to be off at once, it was impossible to start till the horses had fully recovered from the sea

voyage. They were too valuable to take any chances with and one of them was slightly lame from a fall in his cramped quarters on the steamer. To replace an animal was also impossible, for fabulous prices were being offered for anything that could by any possibility bear a burden.

Then again, it was necessary to make a careful search about the camp to see if the man Tarbox, mentioned in the letter, had arrived yet. If they could find him all would be plain sailing, and he could pilot them back. There was also a chance that the dead miner's brother might be even then on the spot.

But they found it a difficult task to get any information. The population of the camp was changing daily. No one paused longer than was absolutely necessary, and each was too busy with his own affairs to take notice of others.

Besides this, they were obliged to avoid giving many details which might perhaps have helped them, and at the close of the second day Tom said, as they sat in front of their tent, smoking:

"It's no use, Green. We might as well be off and trust to luck. We can't ask what we want to know without arousing suspicion and we'd better give it up. The horses seem to be in pretty good shape now and I move we start off in the morning."

Before his friend had time to reply a woman's voice sounded clear and distinct through the darkness:

"Help! Help!"

The two men sprang to their feet. Tom was a little in advance as they dashed off in the direction of the cries and was first to arrive at a little opening, where a red-shirted figure was holding a struggling form in his arms. As he was nearly within striking distance the female managed to free herself, but instead of running away she dealt the man a resounding slap on the cheek and panted:

"You big brute! You—you—"

What she would have added was lost for the ruffian, maddened by the stinging blow, raised his hand to strike her. He was too late, however, for just as his fist was raised Tom dealt him a straight right-hander that stretched him on the ground at full length.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FORTRESS OF THE HEART.

An Impenetrable Shield That Gives Way Only to the Trusted Friend.

There is many a story in every human life that never is seen in print, and even under our very eyes there are often victories won and trials undergone that we never know. No battleship was ever more thoroughly protected by its armor of steel than is the human heart by its physical covering. Some people are more easily read than others, but the most frank and open countenance often shields its secrets and romances from other eyes. The Englishman believes that a man's home is his castle. It is the universal belief that a man's heart is his fortress. There doors are shut that no guns or machines of war can batter down; the windows are impenetrable. Yet within, all may be bright and cheerful and happy, and not a ray of light reach the outer world. Or the exterior may preserve its gay and careless appearance when all within is dark and full of mourning. No one can tell what is going on in any other's breast. How careful, therefore, should we be. A single sharp word or a thoughtless remark may touch the quick and bring untold pain.

But it is not always thus. Some day there comes a time and a friend, for whom the doors are thrown wide back and the windows opened to the light. There is a full and free narration of all that has gone on. It is good for the heart, for the confession is light and fresh air to the close and molding mansion. There is joy, indeed, when a heart finds a confidant to whom it can unbuckle its joys and cares, and friendship is strengthened, so that it seems it can never be broken. But, alas! it is too often the case that a word or a deed misunderstood causes the keeper of the fortress to close its doors and blind its windows. This is the foolish way of the world, instead of forgetting, forgiving, paying no attention to small and trivial and unimportant things.—Detroit Free Press.

Speaking as a Brother.

A certain curate was of a painfully nervous temperament, and in consequence was constantly making awkward remarks—intended as compliments—to the bishop and others. Having distinguished himself in an unusual degree during a gathering of clergy at an afternoon tea at the bishop's palace, he was taken to task for his failings by a senior curate, who was one of his companions on the way home. "Look here, Bruce," said the senior, decidedly, "you're a donkey. Why cannot you keep quiet instead of making your saintly remarks? I am speaking to you now as a brother—"

Pointed laughter interrupted him at this point, and for a moment he wondered why.—Tit-Bits.

Objected to Kates.

"Who is that man around the corner who complains that the baby waked him when it cried for a few minutes last night?" asked the little woman.

"Don't you know?" her husband responded. "He's been working in a boiler factory for the last five years."—Washington Star.

Still More Marvelous.

"It may seem incredible, but it's true. Twenty years ago he was a beggar. Now he's a preacher of the Gospel and a useful man."

"It doesn't seem incredible to me. I know a most excellent preacher on the West side who was once a ward politician."—Chicago Tribune.

HER ASPIRATIONS.

A Kansas Girl Who Took a Practical View of Educational Advantages.

There was little of the idealistic about the way of a Kansas girl at her recent graduation. Her teacher had given her for a theme the phrase: "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy." She astonished her preceptors and schoolmates by these emphatic words:

"I do not care a cent whether Italy lies beyond the Alps or even in Missouri. I do not expect to set the river on fire with my future career. I am glad I have a good, very good education, but I am not going to misuse it by writing poetry or essays about the future woman. It will enable me to correct the grammar of any lover I may have, should he speak of 'dolls' in my presence, or say he went somewhere. It will also come handy when I want to figure out how many dozens of soap a woman can get for three dozen eggs at the grocery. So I do not begrudge the time I have spent in acquiring it. But my ambitions do not fly so high. I just want to marry a man who can look after his weight in the township, who can run an 80-acre farm and who has no female relatives to come around and try to boss the ranch. And I will agree to cook good dinners for him that won't send him to an early grave and lavish upon him a whole lot of wholesome affection and see that his razor hasn't been used to cut broom wire when he wants to shave. In view of all this I don't care if I do get a little rusty on the rule of three and kindred things as the pass go by."—Chicago Chronicle.

The Finest Road.

"I suppose," he began, as he entered a railroad ticket office—"I suppose you sell tickets to New York?"

"Certainly, sir," was the reply.

"You have a direct line?"

"Yes, sir, sir," replied the agent, as he opened a folder.

"Yes, I see. You land passengers in New York instead of competing lines, of course?"

"Of course."

"Luxurious coaches—no dust—finest dining cars—scenery unexcelled?"

"Yes, sir, yes. I'm going to see five other agents, each with the shortest and most direct line, and if I find a liar among the six I'll ticket over his road!"—Ohio State Journal.

Woman in Finissee.

A Detroit man, whose wife was coming to San Francisco on a visit, accompanied her as far as Chicago and put her on the overland train. Before leaving he gave her the porter half of a five dollar bill that he had torn in two, telling the man that his wife had the other half and would give it to him at the end of the journey if she were properly looked after. When he got home he found he had neglected to give his wife the other half of the torn bill, and a few days later he received a letter from his wife reminding him of the fact, and saying she had torn a dollar bill in two and given half of it to the porter. Somewhere along the line there must be a wild-eyed dork with the halves of two worthless bills in his possession and a firm conviction that he has been worked by some sort of a new kind of game. Meanwhile, the Detroit man is anxious to find out what sort of reasoning his wife used when she gave that porter a half instead of the whole of that one dollar bill.—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Extinguisher.

Thump, thump! Rattle, rattle, crash! Young Percy Stonebroke rolled down the steps of the palatial residence of Mr. Goldbands.

Mr. Goldbands returned to the house, rolling down his sleeves.

"Papa, O, papa, what have you been doing?"

This question came in anguish tones from the ruby lips of Arabella Goldbands.

"Putting out the light of your life," answered papa, who had done a little extinguishing the night before.—Baltimore American.

The Farmer Sees.

A farmer drifted into a hardware store at Michell and was asked by the manager: "Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on? They're cheap now. Can give you one for \$35."

"I'd sooner put the \$35 into a cow," said the farmer.

"But think," said the manager, "how foolish you would look riding around town on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer; "no more foolish, perhaps, than I would mucking a bicycle."—Kansas City Journal.

Childhood may do without a grand purpose, but manhood cannot.—Holland.

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TIME TABLE In effect Nov. 15, 1914

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME

	AM	PM	AM	PM
Toledo Cherry St.	7:15	1:25	4:45	10:55
Toledo Union Depot	7:15	1:25	4:45	10:55
Oak Harbor	8:15	2:15	5:45	11:55
Freemont	9:15	3:15	6:45	12:55
Clyde	9:45	3:45	7:15	1:25
Bellevue	10:15	4:15	7:45	1:55
Monroeville	10:45	4:45	8:15	2:25
Nowalk	11:15	5:15	8:45	2:55
Wellington	11:45	5:45	9:15	3:25
Spencer	12:15	6:15	9:45	3:55
Creston	12:45	6:45	10:15	4:25
Orville	1:15	7:15	10:45	4:55
Dalton	1:45	7:45	11:15	5:25

	AM	PM	AM	PM
Massillon	2:15	8:15	11:45	6:15
Navarre	2:45	8:45	12:15	6:45
Zoar	3:15	9:15	12:45	7:15
Valley Junction	3:45	9:45	1:15	7:45
Sherrardville	4:15	10:15	1:45	8:15
Bowmansville	4:45	10:45	2:15	8:45
Silo	5:15	11:15	2:45	9:15
Brilliant	5:45	11:45	3:15	9:45